

DRACULINA®

For mature readers

No. 1 - \$2.50



It's been over five years since I've attempted to put together a DRACULINA comic. With my interest in making movies and covering no-budget movies in the DRACULINA magazine grew, the comic was neglected - I was unable to keep up with the deadlines and dropped the comic with issue #5. Now, as the magazine is going into #16, the longing to revive the comic was there... and you're holding the result.

I figured I would take my time with the comic and put no pressure on myself to complete it, just drawing in my spare time. Unfortunately, I found that I had no spare time - so I did impose a deadline on myself and for that the comic may have suffered some, but I'm overall pleased with the result and glad that I did it.

It amazes me that an idea that I came up with when I was 12 years old, I still have with me today. DRACULINA has been more than a character to me, it's almost as if she were real... I can't remember a year that DRACULINA wasn't involved with some aspect of my life. I guess maybe I'm doing this comic as homage to her - whether I sell 1 or 100,000 copies is really irrelevant... she is now truly immortal.

With DRACULINA I've seemed to hold onto my childhood, something I was doing 20 years ago I'm still doing today. It almost makes me a vampire myself, I don't think of age or what I was doing when I was younger, I'm still doing it. Maybe that's sadistic or screwy, but I like it. DRACULINA has linked me up with more people than I can count, has made me more friends than any human could or linked me up with. It's something I hope I never lose.

Yes, I am now immortal. If I were to die tomorrow they'll be someone digging up this comic and reading through it and saying, 'God, this is a piece of shit', or 'this is the greatest thing I've ever seen'. It doesn't matter... as long as they say or think something, I'm still alive.

Hopefully while I am still alive people will send me their honest evaluations of the comic. Should I do another? If so, what would you like to see? I want to hear your comments, good, bad or ugly. If you need a definite response to your evaluation or have any questions, please enclose a SASE.

Well, it's off to the printers. For those who bought this comic, thank you. For those that have supported me all of these years, thank you. And for those of you that said that I was wasting my time, I was living in a dream world, that I'd better grow up, thank you. But, I don't feel I'm wasting my time. I know I'm living in a dream world, and if growing up means moving through a daily routine with no chance for expression, individuality or creativity... I'll just hold on to being that 12 year old kid for a little longer.

Hugh Gallagher

DRACULINA

PO BOX 969 - CENTRALIA, IL - 62801

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BLOOD OF THE BRIDE

HEY! STOP!
HELP, POLICE!!!

Oh my
GOD!

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY **TOOT**



Like a sick person without medication, unable to control one's physical state, Draculina went after the cure! Being without blood for such a long period of time, she loses all self control on a main street in the city! Being in such a state she is unaware of what is happening... her body declaring a private war for the fluids it needs, claiming casualties in the numbers - but like any war - that is unimportant - as long as the goal is achieved!

Who are you? What do you want?

If you don't wish to answer to the police I suggest you hurry!

She was unsure if it was the fill of blood, the screams, the screeching of the tires or the screaming of the sirens in the distance that brought her back to reality. She thought she heard the voice of an angel, but with a quick look around the carnage she created, she knew she was still in hell...



Draculina regained her senses as the car sped across town and into the country. They arrived at a mansion nestled in the woods where Draculina tried to find some answers in the secluded house.

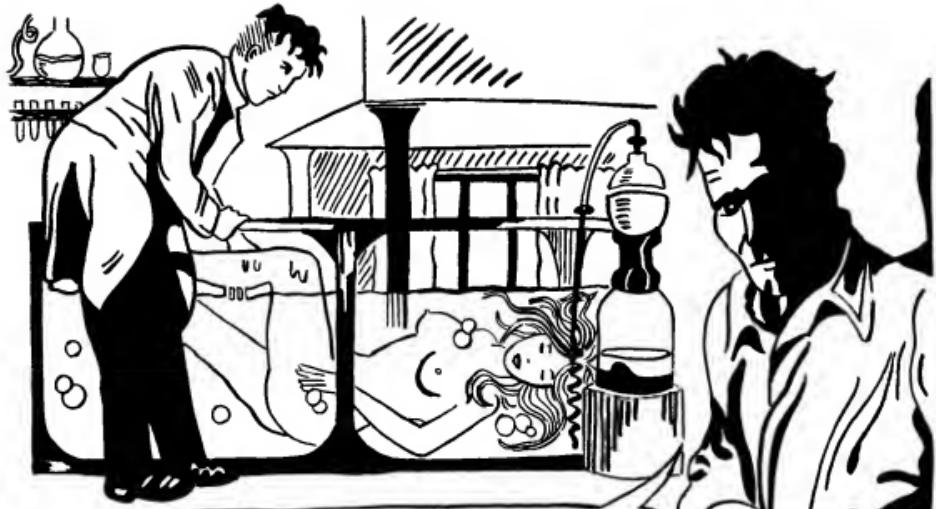
I think we're safe now...

Why? What do you want from me?

Okay, so what's the story? Why did you rescue me back there?

It's a long story... I've been following you for some time now... I know you're a vampire... one of the undead!

A little over a year ago I got married. JoAnn was beautiful and I had never been more happy in my whole life! About a month into the marriage something tragic happened... JoAnn died in her sleep! A heart attack, the doctors said... unusual for her age but not unheard of. I was destroyed... Unable to live without her I dug up her body and spent a lot of money keeping her perfectly preserved! I had too... until I could find a way to bring her back to life!



I still
don't
under-
stand...

I've tried every means that I could think of to revive her. Nothing works! There is no magic, good or evil... there is no scientific approach! I started studying stories about the undead! Vampires! When I first saw you I couldn't believe it! I followed you for weeks and watched you survive off the living! You are the answer! I need you to fill yourself with blood and then transfuse some into my wife... the blood will bring her back to life! The blood of the undead!



If you succeeded you
wouldn't be bringing her
back to life! She would be
between life and death...
and have to kill to stay
there! It's not a pleasant
place to be!

But neither of you would have to
kill! I have fixed that! I bought an
estate in London and have made
arrangements for fresh pints of
blood to be delivered each day
once we arrive! I convinced the
local hospital that my wife is
suffering from a rare blood
disease and daily transfusions are
necessary for her survival! Of
course, I'll be making monthly
contributions to the hospital... but
I can afford it.



Draculina believed what she was doing was nice, bringing happiness to obviously troubled man... but she knew that wasn't true. Her real motivation was selfish, her own gains. She had been living in the streets for so long that the idea of being set up in a house with blood delivered to the door like bottled milk was a vampires dream! The idea of living like a normal person again, doing the things that most take for granted, that would be heaven! She could vaguely remember what it was like, before the incident... she began to remember the move that changed her life...

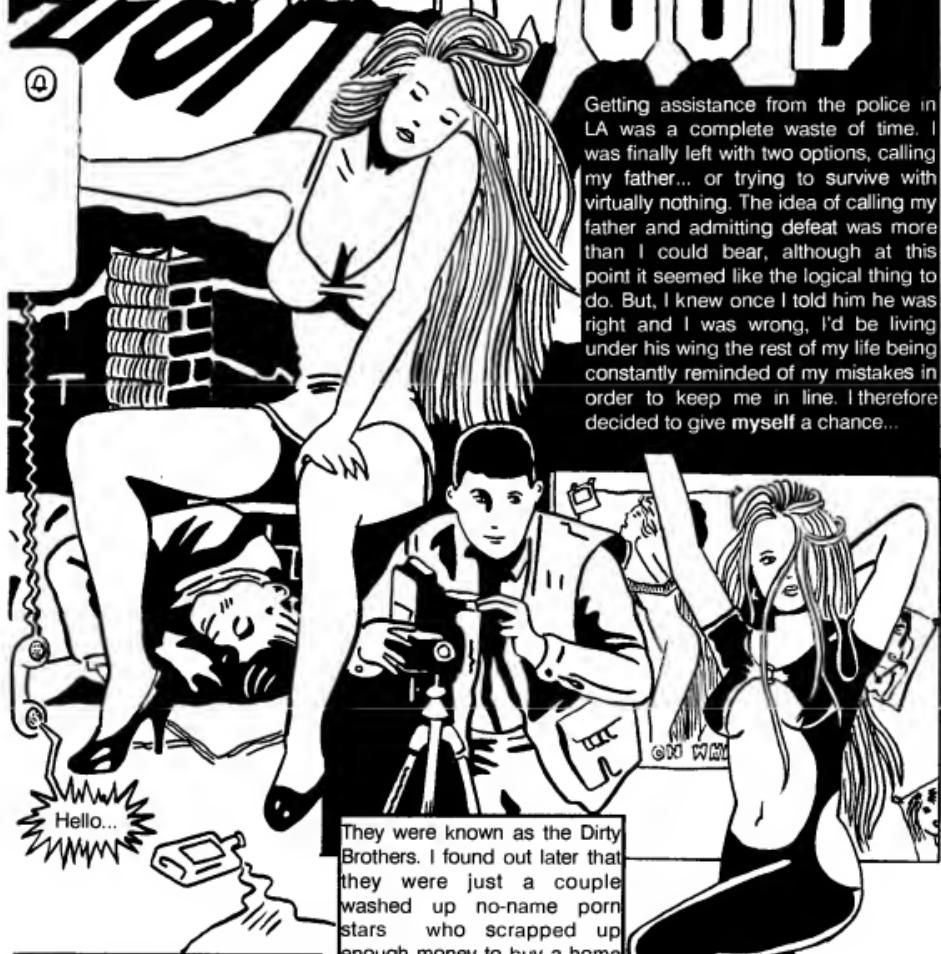






HOLLYWOOD

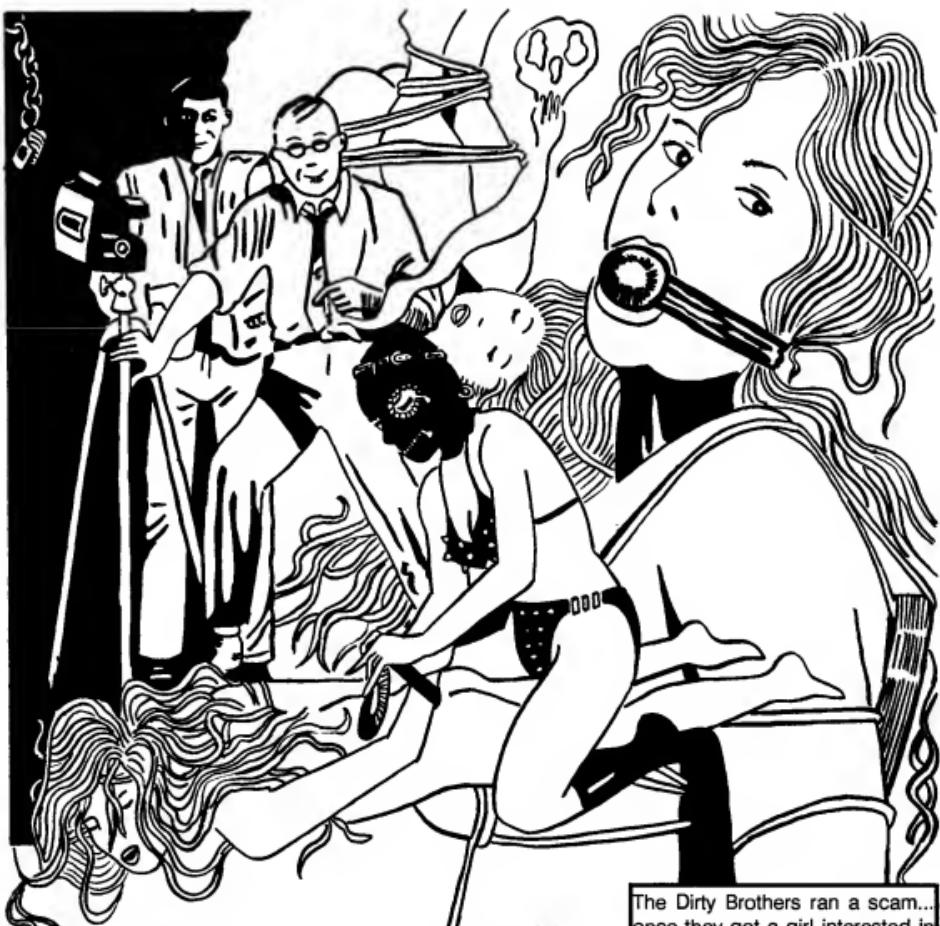
④



Hollywood appeared more like a slum than a haven of stars... I had read an advertisement in a casting paper wanting 'young women for videos, no experience necessary', I decided to investigate the opportunity. As I made my way through the sidewalk bums and past the homeless, a job - any job - looked very appealing...

They were known as the Dirty Brothers. I found out later that they were just a couple washed up no-name porn stars who scrapped up enough money to buy a home camcorder and coerced women into modeling lingerie, stripping or having sex in front of their camera. I agreed to wear one of their outfits for \$300, I might have stripped for more money but there was no way I was having sex with these AIDS ridden derelicts... they gave me an outfit to put on.

Getting assistance from the police in LA was a complete waste of time. I was finally left with two options, calling my father... or trying to survive with virtually nothing. The idea of calling my father and admitting defeat was more than I could bear, although at this point it seemed like the logical thing to do. But, I knew once I told him he was right and I was wrong, I'd be living under his wing the rest of my life being constantly reminded of my mistakes in order to keep me in line. I therefore decided to give myself a chance...



It didn't take long to realize that I had set myself up! Once I appeared in the outfit of a woman with a hood and whip came out of nowhere... soon the three of them had me gagged and bound! The beatings began, and continued for what seemed forever! Different positions, different shots... the oldest of the three stood in the corner playing with himself and I knew it was just a matter of time before they took turns with me sexually!



The Dirty Brothers ran a scam... once they got a girl interested in their proposition they simply had her sign a release and let her tell them what she was going to do. They always agreed, but when the camera started they always took it to the limit, no matter what the girl said! Once they finished with her, they paid her off and let her go on her way. Very seldom did anyone ever go to the police... the Dirty Brothers had a signed release and paid for her performance... she simply looked like a whore! I felt humiliated... it was the kind of thing you read about but never believed would happen. I was slipping away... I came here so excited, motivated and now I felt helpless.

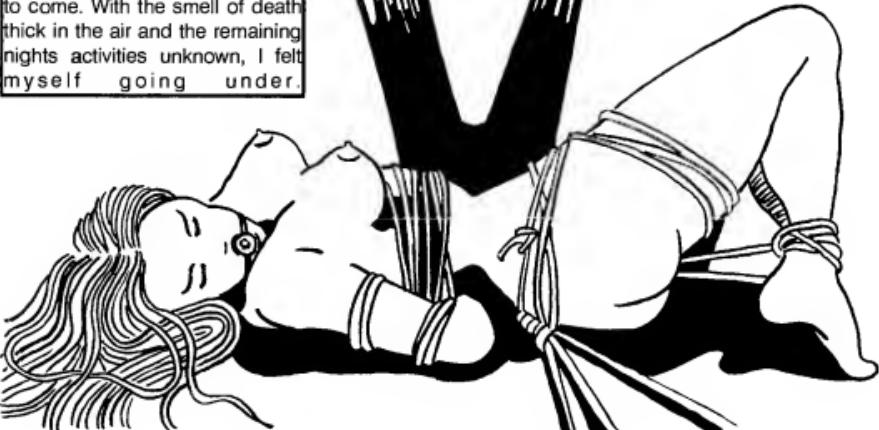
Then HE entered the room... I still don't know where he came from but he moved through the room like a deadly plague that's

only cure was death! I watched bound and gagged as he tore through the Dirty Brothers and their masked accomplice.



I was obviously the object of his desire, for once the other three were lying motionless on the floor, he simply hovered over me like the dead of the night. After the degradation that I had suffered through, I felt I could sink no lower. But as this evil man stared at me, his eyes burning me, I knew that the worst was yet to come. With the smell of death thick in the air and the remaining nights activities unknown, I felt myself going under.

I wished I could join the Dirty Brothers in their now peaceful state, but I knew, death would be the easy way out...



When I awoke I found myself on a cold concrete floor in a large, nearly abandoned, mansion. The stone structure felt like a tomb, and then I could hear his voice echo through the canyon like structure...

You're not the first woman I've taken for my own personal pleasure... no, there were many more before, but none of them met my needs... none followed my commands!

You think they would be grateful for the gift I had given them... the gift I'm going to give to you...

Come, I wish to show you something...



Look at them... such animals! I give them just enough to survive and that's all! More than they ever gave me, the ungrateful wenches! I fixed them... the lack of blood has made them mindless killers! They think of nothing but BLOOD!





Occasionally I throw in a helpless human . . . you should see them . . . such animals! Mindless killers! Nothing else matters . . . once your needs are strong enough your animal instincts take over! You'll find that as a vampire, your will to survive is extremely strong . . . so strong that you'll do things you thought you'd never do!

Yes my dear. You and I shall live forever, together . . . just do as I say, and you won't end up with those animals in the other room.

He seemed to have a hypnotizing effect over me, smothering me, his hot breath against my neck, the tips of his razor sharp fangs piercing my skin. As my life, as I knew it, was about to end . . . outside, someone was looking for revenge! I would later learn that a vampire can create a host of enemies, constantly hunting you down . . . and

this man was on a crusade to justify an unjustified death - his timing couldn't have been worse!









Soon the house was full of police investigating the death of their fellow officer... and mine! The man who came to destroy Lewis was about to open a whole new can of worms... and change my destiny!

When are you going to open your eyes lieutenant! I've given you the name of the killer for chris' sakes!

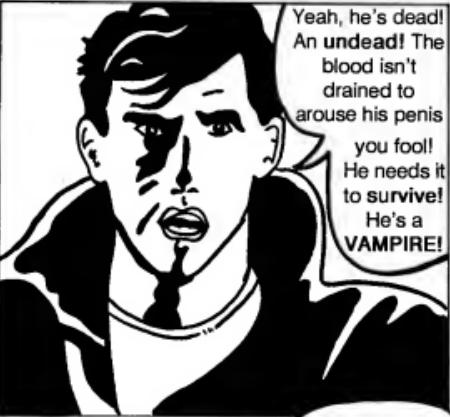


These girls, when are they going to learn?

They come to good old California to make it big. Go off with the first fast talking pervert that comes along.

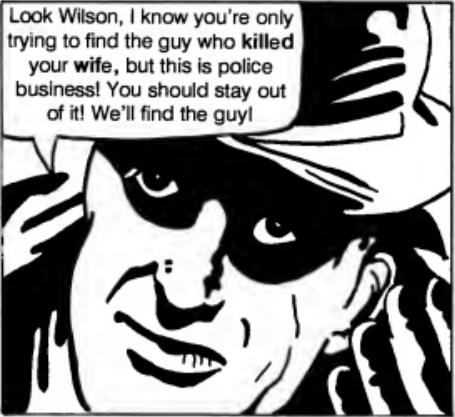
Some sex pervert with a blood fetish!





Yeah, he's dead!
An undead! The
blood isn't
drained to
arouse his penis

you fool!
He needs it
to survive!
He's a
VAMPIRE!



Look Wilson, I know you're only
trying to find the guy who killed
your wife, but this is police
business! You should stay out
of it! We'll find the guy!



What if I were to
prove it to you?

Then I guess
I'd have to
believe you...
(heh)...



You say this girl
is dead... watch
what happens
when she tastes
the blood from
my finger!





In the other room the cop opened the door to unleash the blood crazed vampire women that Lewis had locked away for longer than anyone knew! Wilson had also unlocked a door,

a door to my soul! The blood that surged from his finger into my mouth ignited a fire that burned through my body...

... producing a power which I had never felt before, an urge that I had never before possessed... an urge for **blood!** Wilson's plan was simply to prove his point and to quickly dispose of me again, but before

he could even act I had already drained the blood from the police captain sitting by me, his now lifeless corpse beneath me.



One by one the cops were eliminated by the crazed vampire women, as Lewis just stood in a daze... not sure what was happening, not even aware of what he had done!



When Wilson came for me his attempts were futile. I stopped his axe with one hand, he knew he was

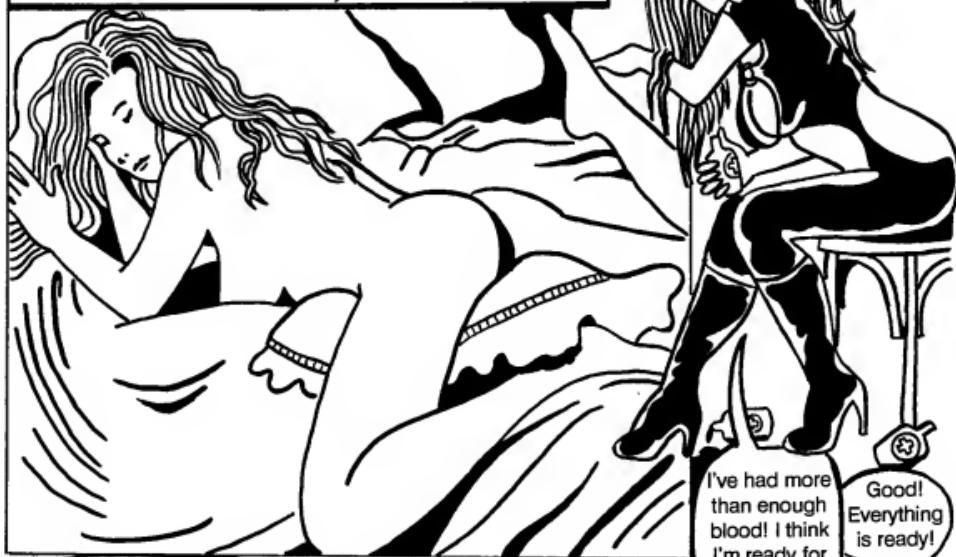
Suddenly, as if he suddenly lost his mind, Wilson went on the rampage! He began slicing the heads off each and every one of the vampire women! A mercenary out of control! But, for some reason, I was in complete control... the chaos around me did not effect me. I was not scared, I knew I had the power - truly the only time in my life I felt I was in control.

no match for my power. I could have easily snapped him in two, but for some reason I chose not too.



I made a sarcastic gesture just to assure him my status... then I left the house forever...

I never again felt like I did that night... the power turned into a lust, a blood lust that could never be quenched! A killing spree that would never end! And now, I was about to create my own vampire! But would create a new life for myself... I both dreaded and embraced the new day...





At a
ceme-
tery
close
by...

Look at
this shit!
You can
see the
casket!

This whole graveyard's a dive. If
you weren't so cheap you would
have buried your mother
somewhere nice! There's no
telling what you'll run in to out
here... Jesus!

This whole
grave yard
is totally
washed
out... I'm
going to
sue!



Well, there's the little lady now.
I'm telling you, she's a fucking
animal! She has an unquenchable
thirst for blood! You'd have to
keep her in a cage!

Why did you bring the axe?

I told you, she has to be
destroyed, decapitation is
the best way!

You're crazy! I've
spent all this time
and money to bring
her back to life and
now you expect me
to kill her?!

Did you hear that? Pull the car
over at that cemetery!









Now let me wrap your leg and we'll get the hell out of here!





As the car sped through the cemetery, things became a blur... Draculina's life...death... became a blur. She could hear Lewis's voice through the darkness and his words never rang such truth!



GOROTICA

After Nell and Max bungle a jewelry heist, Max decides their only chance is for him to swallow the one jewel they need and ditch the rest of the diamonds that could be used as evidence against them. But no sooner than he swallows the jewel a policeman comes in behind them and Max and the cop shoot it out, resulting in a dead cop and a severely injured Max.

Nell quickly steals a car and tries to get away with his injured friend. But, en route to nowhere, Max dies... leaving Nell to fend for himself.

Parked in a cemetery Nell is approached by Carrie (Carrie is seen earlier in the movie masturbating while watching videos of actual deaths) who offers her help in getting rid of Max. Having no where to turn, Nell accepts.

As Nell tries to set up the sell of the stolen jewel, still lodged in Max's stomach, he becomes totally disgusted by the actions of Carrie who spends all her time with his dead friend. After having sex with Max's corpse in the bath tub, she shaves his head into a mohawk and then pierces his nipple while having sex with him in bed.

Nell has more confrontations with the law, but soon is able to set up the sale of the jewel. But, when he goes to retrieve the item from his dead friend, he finds Carrie has other plans for the corpse and knocks Nell out and takes the corpse with her.

After coming to, Nell tracks down Carrie and Max at Blakes house, a man dying from AIDS and buying corpses from Carrie in order to still get a "human touch". After Blake talks Carrie into beating him with a whip as he crouches over his new human acquisition, Nell arrives for the final confrontation to gain the valuable corpse...



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WARNING:
Contains graphic
Violence and nudity.
Must be 18 to order.



Starring CHETTY CHASIN • DINGO JONES • BUSHRUDE CUTTERMAN • BRADY DEBUSSE
executive producer ROBERT WALTERS written, produced & directed by HUGH GALLAGHER

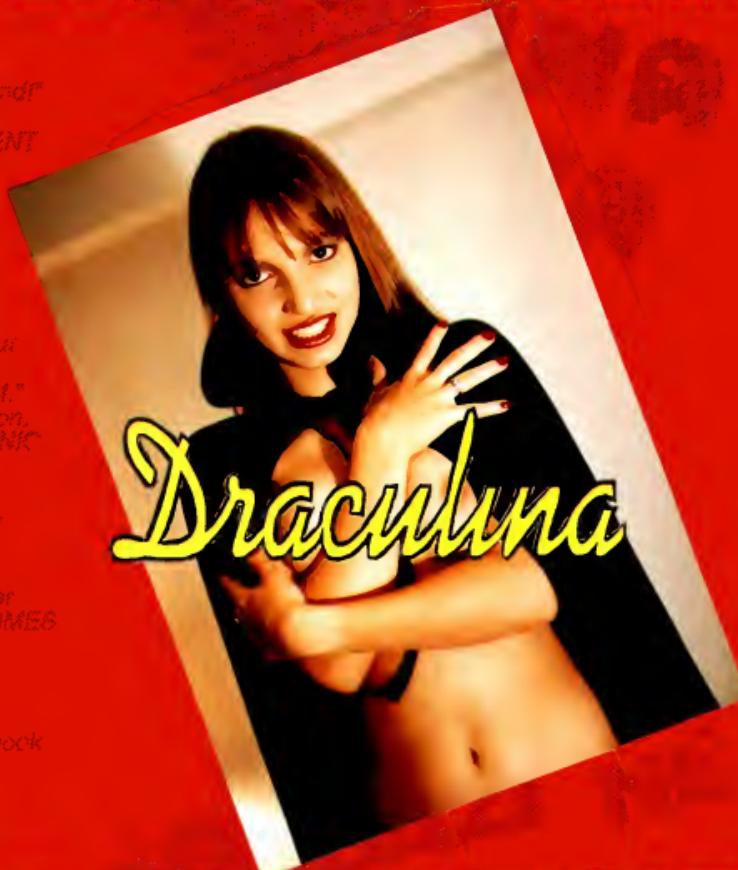
DRACULINA

"the eeriest
guts rag around!"
Jack Barth,
FILM COMMENT

"Several
companies
are planning
glossy
"Scream
Queen"
magazines, but
Galagher
was there first."
Michael Wiedon,
PSYCHOTRONIC

"...a decidedly
indecency
publication."
Donald Farmer,
SPLATTER TIMES

"...we're
beginning to look
respectable."
G. Reavis,
SCREW



Draculina

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TALON

